

# THE CORRESPONDENT.

MAGNA EST VERITAS ET PREVALEBIT.

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Vol. 3.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE CHRISTIANS' HELL.

Mr. Editor—It will not be denied that a future, or, perhaps I may justly term it a continued, state of existence, is a subject of momentous import. If our bodies or any part of our system are destined to enjoy an eternal existence, either felicitous or miserable, we are certainly called upon by every tie which binds us to our interest, to our happiness, to bestow upon it our most serious and weighty consideration: for I fearlessly assert that no human being, enjoying his rational faculties, ever was or ever can be able to look upon an eternity of pain with indifference. An eternity of misery, deprivation of every thing we can conceive as giving value to existence, contains in its view all that is awful and horrible, not only to the mind and perceptions of the human species, but must also be considered in the same light by beings of a still higher or of the very highest order of intelligence. I therefore repeat, it is the indispensable duty of every individual to examine for himself this all important question with the utmost calmness and deliberation, and with an untiring and undivided attention. It is true, the point has been long settled to our hands; but it is the legality, the correctness, of this decision that I wish to see examined by the light of reason and common sense.

Nearly two thousand years ago, a heaven and a hell were called into existence by men whose judgment and veracity would, at this period of time, be held in very dubious estimation; and I consider the pertinacious adherence to dogmas established in such a remote period, passing over their tremendous bearing, as an instance of weakness and credulity, in direct opposition to the boasted march of human intellect. As, however, assertion is not proof, I shall, as well as my limited abilities permit, support the opinion I entertain of this ideal hell being the production of minds the most ignorant and barbarous. First, then, it appears to me, the consideration of its injustice would alone be sufficient for the refusal to believe in such a horrible place of abode. Those who have full confidence in the existence of a supreme intelligent being, must clothe that being with the attribute of unerring justice, as without that quality our ideas of him, sufficiently vague and discordant as they already are, would be still more involved in confusion and perplexity. Unless we attribute to such a power the most just and unspotted purity of action, it is folly to think on, or to believe in, his existence; and we should be lost in our endeavors to meet his supposed views in calling mankind into being. How can we separate in idea the principle of justice, whether dealt out from the hand of a frail and finite being, or from one clothed with im-

mortality and omnipotence? I say, then, can the existence of such a place be defended on the ground of the most impartial, the most inexorable, justice? Has a god, by the creation of the Christians' hell, acted towards us in accordance with our ideas of that virtue, to say nothing of his boasted mercy and ever loving kindness? Prejudice, priestcraft, and ignorance may howl out an affirmative; but truth, reason, and common sense, in harmonious, convincing accents, say—no!

To prove that mankind have never received from a supreme and intelligent power any direct, positive, and indisputably authentic information that he had prepared a hell, a place of torment for the greater part of their number, would involve an inquiry into the pretended authenticity of the two volumes denominated by Christians sacred and holy. The fabulous original of those books, the disgusting and barbarous conduct ascribed therein to an omnipotent being, have been repeatedly shown by men of the greatest talents, of the most acute and discriminating character. The contradictions, the absurdities, which almost every chapter presents, are of themselves sufficient to destroy all claim to their being of divine origin. In support of this assertion, I refer to the books themselves, to the unrefuted pages of a Palmer and a Paine, and a host of others, whose names might be mentioned. It is, therefore, altogether unnecessary to enlarge on this point; the only one at all necessary to consider being—is it just, is there any probability that the author of our existence will plunge any of our number into an abyss of misery, endless in duration? For myself I must say that I look upon the bare proposition, the mere possibility of such a fate being in reserve for us, as an insult to common sense, a gross libel, not on the mercy but on the justice of God. It is worse than folly, it is madness, it is the very acme of stupidity and ignorance, to talk of free agency, of our ability to avoid such a dreadful fate. What does the Christian say is the contemplated object of our creation? It is, says he, "to glorify God." I here confidently appeal to the candor and good sense of my fellow creatures if this alleged cause of our creation has any visible connexion with our interest, with any event in which we can by the most forced construction have any beneficial participation? Why, then, in the name of reason and justice, contend that we are justly subjected to such a penalty? In my opinion this argument commits suicide with itself: we are created by an omniscient power, for an object solely his own—to praise him; in plain English, to minister to his vanity; and yet, forsooth, we are charitably, mercifully, and justly, by the enjoyment of this involuntary life, liable to the tremendous possibility, I may almost call it certainty, of having to endure an eternity of the most excruciating torments!

Such is Christianity; such are the dogmas which superstition and ignorance have fastened on the more credulous, unreflecting portion of the human race! The destruction of the world by fire, and the existence of a hell composed of elements the most dreadful to our senses, have always been favorite topics with Christians, [I speak of them as a whole, their party distinctions being unworthy of notice.] have ever been fundamental and standing tenets in their cruel and gloomy system of religion. According to that system, mankind, in the enjoyment of an existence in which it is impossible their will should be consulted, and without any mo-

tive or object to render it desirable on their part, but for the pretended, the ridiculous, purpose of feeding the ambitious passions of an invisible, an unknown, being, are yet subject to the inheritance of an eternal abode in a lake of fire and brimstone,

There is, indeed, one consideration which may encourage the friends of truth and free inquiry; which is, the expiration of that portion of time that includes all the periods, even those the most remote, fixed upon by ignorant and superstitious men for the completion of the childish and contemptible stories met with in what Jews and Christians call their sacred books, and which rhapsodies are by them denominated prophecies and revelations. This is certainly a remote prospect of relief; but it is a relief to suffering and deluded man which will most assuredly arrive. Then will the inhabitants of this portion of the universe discover the impositions that have so long been practised upon them; when they see neither the stars to fall, nor the earth to melt with fervent heat, nor the son of man coming in the clouds with great glory, &c. &c., they will exclaim, "Now indeed have we certain knowledge of what we have long suspected, that the most gross and improbable fictions have been palmed upon us by ignorant and interested men, who thousands of years ago were in vain opposed by the philosophy and morality of that day." Let no one suppose it to be improbable such a distant period should ever arrive. Time and space are infinite in duration and extent. This globe, in some form or other, is destined to run an eternal course. Matter never was created; never can, nor ever will be, annihilated. S.

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#### IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Mr. Editor—G. H. E., in reply to my article on the immortality of the soul, (Corres. No. 26, v. 2,) says that "to those who believe it to be nothing but a name, the disbelief is already established, and that no extraordinary evil has arisen to them." Now I am acquainted with some very amiable and good men who hold this belief, and I suppose no evil has appeared to them; yet this does not prove but what their happiness might be increased by the introduction of new ideas, or that others might be happier by being educated with them. I think a moment's reflection will convince him that my system bears no analogy to lotteries; for I am as much opposed to bartering off present comfort for future happiness as he can be. I am no advocate for that belief in everlasting happiness which requires a man to be miserable in this life in order to be happy in the next; so far from it, that I wish every opinion brought to the test, and that decision made which will produce the greatest amount of happiness in this present life. By the expression "let the belief alone" I meant nothing more than simply a reference to the fact of its existence, and from that circumstance I took the position, that no reasoning was necessary to establish it; for, although I consider such opinions are injurious to the happiness of society, I hold in the most unequivocal terms every man has the right to freedom of expression.

G. H. E. is "surprised that a person so clear of prejudice should view the subject as I do," and says "it is folly to support a doctrine the truth



of which cannot be known." Now I can't say that I am surprised at him for believing in what I call annihilation, when I see so many instances of credulity in the world; but I could as easily believe in the divinity of Jesus of Nazareth, or in some of the heathen mythologies, as that any thing I can perceive in Nature ever ceases to exist, and in this I agree with G. H. E. in believing it "a folly to support a doctrine the truth of which cannot be known." Now, something does exist that we all understand to be the soul, and this something is as clear to my perception as the body: we understand it by the word life, or cause of motion in animal bodies. Now, if *nothing* cannot think, and that which thinks is *something*, and that *something* is the soul, then the soul is immortal, or annihilation exists; and, as I have no idea of annihilation, I am compelled to believe the former. I am not able to understand the Epicurean doctrine, that soul, or mind, is a quality that matter assumes under certain combinations. One of the known properties of visible matter is divisibility: now we do not know that soul, or mind, has this property, and what we do know makes against it. This idea of a quality seems too much like a "name," or a ghost like nothing, to move the body of man with the force it does. What ideas of activity or power can we attach to a "name," or a quality. A machine for propelling boats by steam is called a steam engine, yet the power of giving motion to the apparatus is not in the name; it is in the substance that acts on the inert properties of matter: so it appears the parts of matter that compose the body of man are acted upon by the soul, the substance that thinks; "the decay of the body affords evidence of the continued existence of mind; every atom of the body exists after death as fully as it existed before death;" and it is certainly not strange logic to infer the immortality of the soul from the analogy of the continued existence of the body, and how can we form any ideas of its annihilation, whatever it is, when we have not a single, solitary proof of the destruction of any thing else since the universe was formed.

The circumstance of man conceiving a state of eternal happiness is an evidence in its favor; for every truth that man has discovered about the goodness or greatness of the laws of Nature has exceeded his expectations, and every truth going to show the evil or bad construction of those laws has been less than his expectations. How the goodness and the greatness of Nature has manifested itself in the late astonishing developments of mind, in the arts and sciences, that bid fair to raise poverty beyond the reach of want, and scatter plenty o'er a happy land! A state of society now exists that at one period the most sanguine expectation could not have anticipated. The doctrine of priests and tyrants, that the many were born with "saddles on their backs," and the few with "boots and spurs" ready to ride—that human nature was corrupted with original sin, is now vanishing before the light of reason. Every truth that man discovers lessens evil, and increases happiness: now, admitting this fact, who can calculate the extent of happiness that man is destined to enjoy? for who can measure the resources of the human mind? Every new idea that we receive convinces us that there is a perpetual and everlasting tendency in all Nature toward harmony and perfection; and I believe if the mind of man could be turned inward to cultivate his own

resources, all his ideas of happiness would in time be realized—that this strong desire that every man feels for enjoyment, this fond hope, this longing after happiness, would be found to be a part of his nature.

Z.

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PHYSIOLOGY.

Mr. Editor—It is a remark no less true than common, that physicians are much inclined to be infidels. They owe this privilege not so much to their vocation as practitioners of the healing art, as to the studies which they are obliged to pursue preparatory to the exercise of it. They must study anatomy, and the anatomist receives nothing on trust. He carries his arguments on the point of his scalpel. They must study physiology, or the phenomena and laws of animal existence, and physiology admits no reasonings but those of close induction and analysis. He must discard all veneration for names and established opinions, and take nothing for granted which he cannot, if called on, prove. Fortified with such habits of reasoning, and trained to a prompt surrender of his prejudices whenever proofs are clear and strong, it is not surprising that the physician should made light of systems which even less thorough investigators have often seen cause to reject. This facility of detecting error, I have called the privilege of the medical professor, but it may be made the privilege of every free inquirer who will give a due share of attention to the studies I have pointed out. The reprint of Mr. Lawrence's lectures on physiology, zoology, and the natural history of man, which has just issued from the American press, furnishes me an opportunity and an inducement for calling the attention of your liberal readers to the importance of these subjects as aids to the great cause of truth and intellectual liberty. The author of these lectures treats of man as he is, a member of the great family of animals, subject with them to the same laws of growth, maturity, decay, and destruction, and not as an angel, or a being made a little lower than the angels—enjoying some privileges denied to them, but in all essentials partaking of their nature and destinies. He has no relish for those fine creations of fancy with which dreaming philosophers and religionists have striven to decorate human nature, but still appreciates properly our superiority over our brother animals. He recognizes no such distinction as that between reason and instinct; and if man must needs have a soul, he would claim it also for the brutes.

In making the phenomena of mind mere functions of the brain, he is supported by all the analogies of organs and functions throughout the body. For if a muscle may contract and a gland secrete its proper fluid by the properties of their own peculiar organization, there is not the shadow of a reason for supposing that the brain cannot perform the business of thinking without the help of any separate principle, resident in its organization. This is a home thrust at the vitals of religious delusion, and, as was to be expected, the bigots have poured out all the vials of their wrath upon the head of its author. His book was denied the protection of the law, and thus given by authority a prey to literary pirates. He himself was proscribed by a brother lecturer, as an asserter of dangerous and immoral opinions.

No one who loves to see error refuted, and a presumptuous philosophy exposed to ridicule, will regret the reading of this book. No one who loves to think independently can withhold his sympathies from him who has advocated so fearlessly and so well the cause of intellectual liberty. The professional reputation and private character of Mr. Lawrence have silenced the calumnies of the bigots, and proved triumphantly that religion forms no essential in the character of a great and good man.

It cannot be pretended that physiology will in every case produce the wished for conversion. Many will admit the necessary principles who, nevertheless, will not give themselves the trouble to follow out their legitimate consequences. There are some, too, who will cling madly to their early prejudices in spite of reason and philosophy. But I have never known a convert of physiology to relapse into bigotry, while a metaphysical doubter will not unfrequently retrace his steps, and pass to the extreme of credulity.

This book involves few technical terms, and is every way adapted to general perusal. It is a single octavo at a moderate price, though handsomely executed and illustrated by suitable engravings. Any one may find time to read, and few will want the means to buy it. I would earnestly recommend it to all free inquirers, and to all who would understand the true nature and condition of our race. Yours, J. D.

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IMPORTANT EXAMINATION. BY LORD BOLINGBROKE.

*Continued from page 22.*

*The Jews have borrowed from other Nations.*—It has frequently been said, that petty enslaved states always endeavor to imitate their masters; that a weak and uncivilized people rudely conform to the customs of great nations. Cornwall apes London, London does not ape Cornwall. Can any thing be more natural than the supposition, that the Jews have borrowed what they could of the religious worship, laws, and customs of their neighbors? It is now quite certain, that their god whom we call Jehovah, pronounced by them *Yaho*, was the ineffable name of the god of the Phœnicians and Egyptians, and was known to be so by the ancients.

Clemens Alexandrinus, in the first book of his *Stromates*, relates, that those who entered the Egyptain temples, were compelled to carry a species of talisman about them, which was composed of this word *Yaho*; and when they had acquired a certain method of pronouncing this word, he who heard it fell down dead, or at least into a swoon. This is what the jugglers of the temple endeavored to persuade the superstitious. It is well known that the form of the serpent, the cherubims, the ceremony of the red cow, ablutions, since called baptism, linen robes reserved for the priests, fastings, abstinence from pork and other meats, and circumcision, were all imitations of the Egyptians.

The Jews confess that they were a long time without a temple, and that they had none for more than five hundred years after Moses, according to their own chronology, which is always erroneous. At length they invaded a small city, in which they built a temple in imitation of great na-



tions. What had they before? A box! This was customary among the Nomades, and the Canaanites of the interior, who were very poor. There was an ancient tradition among the Jews, that when they were Nomades; that is, wanderers in the deserts of Arabia Petrea, they carried a box containing a rude image of a god named Remphan, or a species of star cut out in wood. You will find traces of this worship in some of the prophets, and particularly in the pretended discourse which the "Acts of the Apostles" puts into the mouth of Stephen. (Acts vii. 43.)

Even according to the accounts of the Jews themselves, the Phœnicians, (whom they call Philistines,) had the temple of Dagon, before the Jewish troop had a house. If this were the case; if all their worship in the wilderness consisted in having a box to the honor of the god Remphan, who was nothing more than a star revered by the Arabs, it is clear, that the Jews in their origin were only a band of wandering Arabs, whose pillaging enabled them to establish themselves in Palestine; who afterwards formed a religion to their own taste; and who composed a history containing nothing but fables of the ancient Bacc or Bacheus, and gave their hero the name of Moses: but that we should revere these fables; that we should have made them the basis of our religion; and that these fables should still be credited in a philosophical age, is what raises the indignation of all wise men. The Christian church signs Jewish prayers, and burns those that adhere to the Jewish law! How pitiful, how contradictory, and how horrible!

*Of Genesis.*—All the nations by whom the Jews were encompassed had a theogony, a cosmogony, long before the Genesis of the Jews was taken from the ancient fables of their neighbors? Yaho the ancient god of the Phœnicians unravelled to chaos, the Khautereb; he arranged matter, Muth; he formed man with his breath, Calpi; he gave him a garden for his habitation, Aden or Eden; he forbade him to meddle with the great serpent Ophioneus, as we are told in the ancient fragment of Pherecidus. What a conformity with the Genesis of the Jews! Is it not natural to suppose that a petty ignorant people would, in the course of time, borrow the fables of the great people who invented the arts?

It was likewise a received opinion in Asia, that God had formed the world in six periods of time, which the Chaldeans, who were so long anterior to the Jews, called *six gahambars*. This was also an opinion of the ancient Indians. The Jews, then, who wrote Genesis, are merely imitators; they mixed their own absurdities with these fables; and we must confess, it is difficult for us to abstain from laughter when we hear of a serpent talking familiarly with Eve; of God speaking to the serpent; of God's promenade in the garden of Eden at noonday; of God making small clothes for Adam, and an apron for his wife Eve. All the rest appears equally senseless. Many Jews themselves are ashamed of these tales, and they have been considered by them as allegorical fables. How can we interpret literally what the Jews have regarded as allegories?

Neither the histories of judges, knights, nor any of the prophets quote a single passage of Genesis. None of them have spoken of Adam's rib being taken from his side, to make a woman of; nor of the tree of know-

ledge of good and evil ; nor of the serpent that tempted Eve ; nor of original sin ; nor, in short, of any of these imaginations. Once more : have we any rational motives for believing them ?

Their rhapsodies demonstrate, that they have pilfered all their notions from the Phenicians, Chaldeans, and Egyptians, in the same way as they pilfered their goods, when they had it in their power. Even the name of *Israel* was borrowed from the Chaldeans, as Philo confesses in the first page of the narrative of his deputation to Caligula. These are his words, "the Chaldeans give to the righteous the name of *Israel*, *seeing God*." Yet we are such simpletons in the west, as to fancy that every thing which these eastern barbarians had stolen belonged exclusively to themselves.

*Manners of the Jews.*—If we pass from Jewish fables to Jewish manners, do we not find them as abominable as their tales are absurd ? According to their own confession, they are a troop of brigands, who carry into the wilderness all that they stole from the Egyptians. Joshua, their chief, passes the Jordan by a miracle similar to that of the Red Sea ; and for why ? To put fire and sword to a city he was an entire stranger to, the walls of which God caused to fall by the sound of trumpets.

The fables of the Greeks had more of humanity in them. Amphion built cities by the sound of his flute ; Joshua destroys them, and gives up to fire and sword, old men, women, children, and cattle. Was there ever a more senseless brutality ? He pardons only a prostitute who had betrayed her country. What occasion had he for the perfidy of this miserable woman, since the walls fell at the sound of his trumpet, which may be compared to the trumpet of Astolphus, that made every body run away from him ? We must remark, by the bye, that this woman called Rahab, the prostitute, was an ancestor of the Jew whom we have since transformed into a god, who likewise reckons himself a descendant of the incestuous Tamar, the impudent Ruth, and the adulterous Bathsheba.

We are then told, that this same Joshua smote thirty-one kings of the country ; that is, thirty-one village chiefs, who had defended their fire sides against this troop of assassins. If the author of this history had formed a design of rendering the Jews execrable among other nations, could he have adopted a surer method ? To add blasphemy to robbery and barbarity, the author dares say, that all these abominations were committed in the name and by the express command of God, to whom they were offered up as so many human sacrifices.

These are God's people ! Certainly the Hurons, Canadians, and Iroquois were philosophers of humanity compared to the children of Israel ; and yet it was to favor these monsters that the sun and moon stood still at noonday ! And for what ? To give time to pursue and slay the miserable Ammonites, who were already crushed to death by a shower of great stones, covering a space of five leagues, which God had thrown upon them from the sky. Is this the history of Gargantua ? Is this the history of God's people ? Is it not increasing this stupidity, to amuse ourselves by combating this detestable collection of fables, which are equally disgraceful to common sense, to virtue, to Nature.



and to the Deity? If a single adventure, related of this people, had unfortunately been true, all nations would have united to exterminate them; and if they be false, it is not possible to tell lies in a more stupid manner.

What shall we say of a Jephthah, who immolates his own daughter to his imaginary god; of the left handed Ehud, who assassinates Eglon his king, in the name of the Lord; of the divine Jael, who assassinates general Sisera, by driving a nail into his head; and of a drunken Samson, whom God favors with so many miracles? This last is a gross imitation of the fable of Hercules.

Shall we speak of a Levite, who brings his concubine on an ass, with straw and hay, into Gubo, which belonged to the tribe of Benjamin; and behold, the Benjamites wish to commit sodomy with this vile priest, in the same way as the Sodomites wished to violate the angels. (The illustrious author has forgot to speak of the angels of Sodom, yet this article was worthy of his attention. If ever there were any abominable extravagancies in the Jewish history, that of the angels, whom the magistrates, officers, and boys of a whole city wished absolutely to violate, is so horrible, that it cannot be paralleled by any heathen fable, and really makes one's hair stand an end. And yet they dare to write a commentary on these abominable tales! And they wish to make you respect them! They have even the insolence to pity the Brachmans of India, and the Magi of Persia, because God has not revealed these things to them, and because they were not God's people!) The Levite makes an arrangement, and abandons his mistress or concubine to them: they abuse her all night, and the next morning she dies. The Levite takes his knife, and cuts his concubine into twelve pieces, (a thing not very easily done,) and thence arises a civil war. The eleven tribes of Benjamin. Four hundred thousand soldiers! good God, in a territory which did not measure fifteen leagues in length by five or six in breadth! The Grand Seigneur never had half such an army. These Israelites exterminate the tribe of Benjamin, both old and young, women and girls, according to to their laudable custom. Six hundred boys escape. It would not be proper to let one tribe perish, therefore six hundred girls, at least, must be given to these six hundred boys.

What do the Israelites do? There was in the neighborhood a small city named Jabez; they take it by surprise; kill all; massacre every thing, even the cattle; reserving only four hundred Benjamites! Two hundred boys remain to be provided for: it is agreed, that they shall ravish two hundred of the daughters of Shiloh, when they go to dance at the gates of the city! (Judges xxi. 21.)

Come on, Tillotson, Sherlock, Clarke, and the rest of your tribe: say something to justify these cannibal fables; prove to us that these are all types and figures announcing Jesus Christ!

*To be continued. 53.*

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“THANKSGIVING DAY.”

Mr. Editor—I have just reexamined the constitution of the state of New York, and, after giving it a good search, I am unable to find out

that clause which makes it the *duty* of the governor, to issue his "Proclamation" annually, for the purpose of regulating our religious duties on a certain day. But, as my labor has been in vain, you will do me a favor in pointing out that part of the constitution which authorizes such an act. For, as far as I can comprehend that charter of our rights, every such proclamation appears to me to be an act of usurpation; and if I was the governor, and made use of such a measure, I should feel apprehensive of an impeachment, for making such an attempt to *unite* our church and state, which is forbidden by the constitution of the United States.

Such "Proclamations" may be relished in the priestridden states of New England, where every court-and training day is ushered in with the same kind of religious cant as their "thanksgiving day;" but is not New York too enlightened to become a mere satellite to that frenzy of New England? or to sanction any longer any of those holidays which produce more vice than virtue? For I have heard a gentleman from Connecticut confess that there were more illegitimate children begotten in the eastern states on their "thanksgiving day" than in all the rest of the year—the natural result of the union of the overflowing tables and bottles with the canting worship used on that day.

A FRIEND TO MENTAL LIBERTY.

**NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1828.**

PAINE'S BIRTHDAY.

*Continued from page 25.*

After the memory of Mr. Paine, as mentioned in our last, a poetical "address, spoken at the anniversary dinner [in London] to commemorate the birthday of Thomas Paine, 29th January, 1821, by J. W. Dunstone," was recited by Mr. John H. Bowie.

The following toasts were then given :

2. The People—The genuine fountain of power, and the only foundation of a good and wise government.

3. The "Age of Reason," and may it produce the "Rights of Man."

The subjoined ODE, written for the occasion, was sung by Mr. Bruce :

Wake the loud, symphonious strain;  
 Let its echoes long remain  
 A tribute to immortal PAINE,  
     His genius and his fame.  
 Tho' no confed'rates of our band  
 Are rank'd the mighty of the land,  
 We unite with heart and hand  
     His honor to proclaim.

He the enfranchis'd mind has freed  
 From the bigot's erring creed,  
 Left us works that we may read,  
     And truth herself explore.

Tho' many triumph'd at his fall,  
 They whose minds were yet in thrall,  
 His merits overlive the pall;  
     Respected evermore.

Tho' our numbers are but few,  
 To Nature and to science true,  
 Give we the meed to whom 'tis due,  
     And let it there remain.  
 Above his sod our hearts shall grace  
 A trophy o'er his resting place,  
 Nor time shall evermore erase  
     The memory of PAINE.

The Chairman then gave

4. A free and liberal Press—The terror of despots—the glory of intellectual man.

5. May the sun of reason speedily pierce through the dark clouds of superstition, and illuminate every part of the habitable globe.

Ode—"Men whose sires for freedom bled"—by the company.

6. The memory of George Washington.

Song—"Hail! Great Republic"—by Mr. Pares.

7. May the edifices erected to prolong the age of delusion, bigotry, falsehood, and oppression, soon be converted into temples of science, reason, and philosophy.

8. The memory of all those Patriots who signed the "Declaration of Independence."

Ode—"Hail to the time when the mist is receding"—by the company.

9. Soldiers at the plough, kings in the mines, lawyers at the spinning genney, and priests in heaven.

10. Instead of toleration, perfect freedom in theological, political, and philosophical opinion.

11. The memory of Thomas Jefferson, Elihu Palmer, Benjamin Franklin, William Penn, and other American liberals.

12. May those persecuted victims who have the courage and virtue to disseminate the sublime truths of the immortal Paine, be rewarded by the present generation, and honored by posterity.

13. The Republicans of every Country, and may they shake hands over the grave of the last tyrant.

Song—"The Tyrant's Fall"—by Mr. Pares.

14. Simon Bolivar.

15. The memory of Voltaire, Mirabeau, Volney, Hume, Gibbon, Bolingbroke, Rousseau, Condorcet, Boulanger, Tindal, Barlow, Clarke, Helvetius, Diderot, D'Alembert,—William Wallace, William Tell, Hampden, Andrew Marvel, Wat Tyler, Sydney, Edward Fitzgerald, Major Cartwright,—Shakspeare, Pope, Goldsmith, Robert Burns, Percy Blythe Shelly, and Lord Byron; and all such philosophers, patriots, and poets.

16. May the unextinguishable lights of philosophy soon obtain universal ascendancy over the human mind.



Ode—"O what can relieve, when in sorrow we languish?"—by the company.

17. May revolutions never cease until tyranny is extinct.

18. The memory of Mary Woolstencroft, authoress of the "Rights of Women."

19. May the clouds which now obscure the sun of liberty in Europe, and other parts of the globe, be dissolved, but not in blood.

Ode—"To Liberty's enraptured sight"—by the company.

20. Success to the brave Greeks, and may they be speedily delivered from the gloomy despotism under which they have so long groaned.

21. The Ladies now present—They have honored us with their countenance, and added grace to our assembly.

Song—"Green grow the rushes O"—by Mr. Bruce.

22. De Witt Clinton—The patron of science, and friend of liberal principles.

The Secretary stated that he had been prevented by sickness from preparing himself, as he intended, to address the meeting; but he would read a letter received that morning from Mr. Joseph Lawton, the personal friend of Mr. Richard Carlile, containing a toast, which, he was persuaded, would be favorably received by the company. The Secretary then read as follows:

Dover, N. H., January 26, 1828.

Dear Sir—Having seen it advertised in your last number of the "Correspondent," for Jan. 19, that the members of the "Free Press Association" intend to commemorate the birthday of Thomas Paine, I hope you will allow me, as an individual, to make known to you, and the members of the Free Press Association assembled on such an important occasion, the great pleasure I feel, and that my mind responds to the sentiments and principles such a celebration is highly calculated to propagate. I feel sorry my local situation prevents me from participating in your sentimental banquet, and paying *due* respect to the memory of the champion of the principles of republicanism. It is a matter of deep regret, that the priestly influence in America should so long have succeeded in suppressing all due acknowledgements to the talents and moral worth of this great philanthropist, and that the greatest honors and continued national devotion should be awarded to the *sword*, or the physical power, to the utter neglect of the *pen*, or the moral talent; but the time is fast approaching, I believe, when the *funeral* of THOMAS PAINE, or reward for services, will not bear comparison nor a moment's reflection. The sword of the general will die with him; but the moral sword of the pen, that cuts up false principles, as long as the art of delineating characters exists, will go on "conquering and to conquer," until the whole world acknowledge "Common Sense" and the "Rights of Man;" which will consummate the "Age of Reason." Through the press of Richard Carlile in London, and the activity of his agents, the principles, political and theological, of Thomas Paine are making rapid progress in Great Britain. The 29th of January in England is ushered in by the ringing of bells, &c., and is a day of rejoicing to the monarchists, it being the day George the Fourth was proclaimed king; and to the republicans, for publicly *proclaiming* the principles of Thomas Paine. I have several times in Man-

chester had the pleasure of witnessing numerous meetings to do justice to the merits and talents of Paine. The Free Press Association being acquainted with the revolutionary proceedings of this country, will know well how to appreciate his talents and industry. I send you a sentiment, which, if you think it proper, or suitable to the occasion, you will much oblige me by reading:

23. Richard Carlile, the Champion of the Free Press of England—May he live long to confound the superstitiousists ORALLY, and may his great moral triumph over persecution, and for free discussion, be a lesson to the persecutors of the incarcerated Robert Taylor.

Yours respectfully,

JOSEPH LAWTON.

This toast was drank with three times three. After which the Chairman gave,

24. The Paterson Reading Society, the Philadelphia Society of Liberal Friends, and the Cincinnati Society for Mutual Instruction in Natural Science.

25. Robert Owen—May his success in the cause of humanity be commensurate with his perseverance and generosity.

26. The memory of Cato, Brutus, Cassius, Cicero, Demosthenes, Marcus Aurelius, and all such patriots and orators among the ancients.

During the regular proceedings, the following SONG, written for the occasion, was sung by Mr. Bruce:

When oceans of blood through whole ages had flown,  
 Beneath the foul dagger of dread  
 Which base superstition held mask'd in her throne,  
 That swam in the blood she had shed,  
 Sad Reason, disgusted, far west bent her flight,  
 To shun so unhallowed a scene,  
 And saw with a smile in fair Liberty's light  
 Arise the pure spirit of PAINE.

No crown on his head, but a *galaxy*, shone  
 Of *Truth* in fair Freedom's defence;  
 The hearts of mankind were the *patriot's* throne,  
 And the sword that he used "Common Sense."  
 Hypocrisy's poinard was seen through its cloak,  
 As on the bright radiance he came,  
 And chains of oppression to ashes were broke  
 At the power speaking sound of his name.

What sovereignty is, and from whence its true birth,  
 Oh, PAINE! 'twas *thy* pen that defin'd,  
 And show'd that *no* right is divine on this earth  
 But the glorious "Rights of Mankind."  
 When dark Superstition and Prejudice cease  
 To trammel the mind with their chain,  
 Amid an elysium of joy and of peace,  
 Blest man shall be grateful to PAINE.

About 9 o'clock the ladies retired from the orchestra; when the following volunteer toasts were given:

*By James Dean.* The "Free Press Association"—May it continue firm and harmonious; then will its object, to arrest the progress of bigotry and disseminate liberal principles, be attended with success.

*By the same.* The Correspondent—Let every liberal minded man subscribe for a copy.

*By Robert L. Jennings.* Frances and Camilla Wright, who, to liberate the poor enslaved Africans in this "*land of liberty*," risked their reputation, their fortune, and their lives—May our daughters equal their talents, and imitate their virtues.

*By Philanthropist.* Boyer, the Liberator of Hayti.

*By Thomas G. Spear, Printer.* May reason be the *guide* of our lives, truth honesty the *rule* to *compose* our conduct, and our character *corrected* by *copying* virtue and good example; and thus always *pulling up* till the *sorts* are *run out* of the *fount* of life, then *gently lifted, imposed*, and *justified* in the *chase* of death, be *laid aside* as *dead matter*, till *distributed* by the *hands* of Nature, to furnish *fairer impressions* for *editions* of some future and better *volumes*.

*By Solomon H. Sanborn.* Religious Revivals—the "darkness visible" of superstitious folly—May they quickly be supplanted by "revivals" of Reason.

*By Francis Pares.* May moral courage never be wanting in expressing our opinions.

*By — Robinson.* Ignorance, and its offspring, Distrust—May they speedily be superseded by knowledge and confidence.

*By H. C. Atwood.* The Pen of the immortal Paine, victorious in the dark age of '76—May it prove a deadly weapon to priestly domination.

*By George Anderson.* The Correspondent—the beacon that guides weary and affrighted travellers to a haven of rest—May it blaze until its rays have illumined the world.

*By — Frazee.* "The Sun" that stood still for Joshua, and went back on the dial of Ahaz—We can do without him in America.

*By George H. Evans.* Benjamin Franklin—*Morality* without religion.

*By William S. Cannon.* Christianity—A system of slavery, an enemy to freedom, and a cause of persecution.

*By John H. Bowie.* Mistress Lot—May female curiosity never lead to such salt consequences.

*By Joseph L. Hays.* Independency and a genteel sufficiency.

*By a Friend*—Free Inquirers—May they ever stand firm in the cause of truth as the rock of Plymouth, on which our forefathers first landed.

A number of volunteer songs were also sung, and the party broke up at an early hour, highly delighted with the proceedings of the day. The dinner, which was excellent, was served up in the French style, by Mr. Broyer; and we can truly say, in the language of the *New York Enquirer*, that there "never was a public dinner given, in any country, conducted with greater propriety and decorum."



### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Religion.*—All the evils with which mankind have been, or are now, afflicted, in a social point of view, arise from their ignorance, and the consequent impositions practised upon them by their more cunning fellows. The few treat the many as animals of another species. Religions are made for the benefit of the few, and for the purpose of taxing the many: the latter derive no kind of benefit from them, but an incalculable mass of evil. You cannot make a religion without the aid of a phantom. All religions are socially pernicious, on the principle that they form a means of power and oppression—unnatural power, and an oppression that paralyzes the best efforts of industry. If I were asked what is the chief cause of poverty among the industrious, I should say religion. Look at Ireland: look at Spain: look at France, Italy, Germany: look even at England. Simple political governments could exercise no such undue influence on the multitude as we have seen in those countries, without the aid of priests and religion. Mankind would have inquired into their political rights long before this time, if no religion had been preached to them, and if they had not been terrified with the horrors threatened by presteriaft, if they dared to judge or act for themselves, in opposition to the will of their rulers. It is a very low calculation to say, that religion, in all nations and in all ages, on an average, has caused a taxation equal to all other taxations.

*Christianity* has had a long run. It is becoming stale. Its teeming time is over. It totters, and happy for man will be the day when it falls to rise no more. Since it was found by Constantine to be a proper religion for tyrants to perfect slavery with is now about fifteen hundred years. It gained ground rapidly after his adoption of it, as the church of the state, and the miracle of his conversion was equal to the time of three hundred years preaching. He sanctified and made it holy, with power and cunning; and the priests have held, with a deadly grasp, every particle of consequence they received from his influence and duplicity. Yet, it is said, that he laughed at them on his death bed, and died a pagan. Since his time, the priests, the church, and their god (they are all one, a trinity in unity) have been at war with human liberty, peace, and happiness. The story of human woes begotten by them fills all the histories of Europe, and nearly comprehends that of all the earth. As reason advances, the church recedes, and from its total extinction will be dated the era of human happiness.

*Death.*—The grand leveller of human distinctions. Armed with his dreadful scymetar, he mows down princes and peasants indiscriminately; but he is partial to sorrow and misfortune, visiting the wretched under their afflictions, and relieving them from all their troubles, while at the same instant he will hurl a tyrant, in the plenitude of omnipotence, from his throne, and level the conqueror of worlds in the dust. He will stand invisible at the elbow of kings, when they are meditating the most wasteful and unbounded schemes of ambition and conquest, the slavery of their

own subjects, and the extermination of distant empires. Death in an instant blasts their infernal projects, and sends them to their account, with all their enormities on their heads.—*Pigott*.

*Sermon*.—A little thin book, with a black cover, "wherein one may read strange things;" such as arguments in favor of damnation, eternity of hell torments, and other matters equally amusing. They are made so as to last exactly fifteen minutes by the clock. The deliverer of these entertaining and instructive lectures is, for the most part, a *black legs*; though some are good kind of men; but I have seen "such *things* that mount the pulpit with a skip, and then skip down again."—*Ib*.

*The Root of all Morality*. A modern philosopher, of no small authority, has shown very forcibly, that the efficacy of moral instruction, and consequently of morality, is by no means diminished by this doctrine: for, says he, "If the human mind were not ruled by motives, this art could not possibly have any existence."

*Free Press Association*.—A general meeting of the Association will be held, in the Temple of Arts, on Sunday (tomorrow) the 10th instant, at 10 o'clock forenoon, for the purpose of considering the report of the special committee, appointed to revise the constitution.

The *theological* lectures will be continued in the afternoon of the same day, and following Sundays, at half past 2 o'clock. The *scientific* lectures will be resumed on Sunday the 17th instant, at 11 o'clock forenoon.

*New Harmony Gazette* and *Western Tiller*.—Subscriptions are received at the office of the *Correspondent* for both these papers. Terms \$2 per annum, in advance, and postage paid.

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*Paine's Theological Works*, complete, 8vo., bound and gilt—\$2; bds. \$1.50.

\* \* \* Orders for books, in every department of literature, punctually attended to.

*George H. Evans, Printer, 264 Greenwich street.*